

Life

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NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping; No Address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

NOV 28 1918



"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

THE PRESENT FACTORY AT BROCKTON, MASS.

Factory showing 30 x 60 ft. room in which W. L. Douglas began manufacturing July 6, 1876. Output 48 pairs per day.

W. L. DOUGLAS
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BOYS SHOES
Best in the World
\$3.00
\$3.50

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

President W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOE COMPANY
147 SPARK STREET
BROCKTON - MASS.

Indian Relics

THE philosopher Gishnu was approached by three women, who bowed discreetly.

One of them said:

"I will tempt you with my mind,"

Whereupon she told him a witty story.

Then said the second:

"I will tempt you with my face."

And she smiled upon him.

Then the third one said:

"You are a philosopher. I will tempt you with my absence."

Then said Gishnu to the first two:

"Good-bye, girls. The only one who tempts me is the one who doesn't want me."



THE PERILS OF RECKLESS DRIVING

Optimism

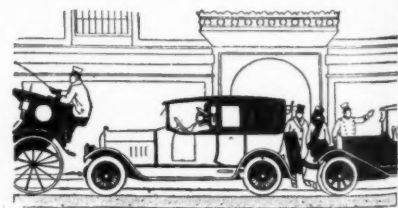
SOME men at times are serious,
Look arrogant, imperious,
And clothe themselves in dignity august.
They'd better far experiment
With laughter, mirth and merriment,
For if they don't they'll surely go to rust.

The only safe indemnity
For too much stern solemnity
Is one good-natured boisterous, jolly laugh.
Let's show our animosity
Toward all this sham pomposity,
And down it, in democracy's behalf.

Develop risibility!—
It conquers disability,
And gives to one a renovated life.
Be jovial and humorous,
For merry jests are numerous,
And practise on your kiddies and your wife.

What though your son's a warrior;
Don't get too sad or sorry, or
Descend to melancholy fits of blue!
Preserve a constant cheerfulness,
With not a sign of tearfulness—
The chances are the boy'll come back to you.

Addison F. Andrews.



The BILTMORE

Where the social life
of New York centers
by day and evening



CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS



MOUNTAIN LIFE WITH CITY CONVENIENCES

A Trick of Mars

THE late Kaiser Karl's proposal to create the state of Illyria adds a fantasy to the great wonders of this war. Illyria is the country of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." And if the ex-Austrian king wants to play Prospero and bid this mythical, lost land appear out of the vasty deeps of the centuries, we Allies shall be last to say him nay.

Ho! Orsino and Curio, Olivia and Sir Toby Belch, and Feste and Fabian and Sir Andrew Aquecheek, back to your fleshings; the curtain may rise once again upon your queer doings under the moon.

By all means, Illyria, Karl—and accept our thanks.

H IS for Happy Man, also his wife;
For, married or single, they're subscribers to LIFE.



The Hollenden Cleveland

To some it means a delightful temporary home, with an atmosphere distinctively its own—an admixture of refinement, dignity and comfort.

To others, it means a place to be remembered and patronized again because of the super-excellence of its cuisine.

To any with discriminating tastes, it represents everything desirable in a first-class hotel.

European plan with bath:

For One Person, \$2 to \$5.

For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6.

With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6.

Suites at various prices.

800 Rooms.

Mr. Newsdealer!

If you are not at the present time getting enough copies of LIFE so as not to be sold out by Friday or Saturday of each week,

Or, if LIFE is *not* reaching you in time to be on sale each Tuesday,

Won't you *please* advise us of the facts, stating the name of the News Company from whom you get your supply?

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.



Business that Stays

The business that stays is the business that pays. Business that has to be turned away is no more profitable than business which never presented itself.

When the sales manager goes to the production manager and knows that the factory will take care of him on every order, it makes a big hit with him, the production manager himself, and the others in the front office.

Hence the great and growing demand for Robbins & Myers Motors in a thousand industries. These are the motors that keep wheels turning, speed the work, increase output, make workers contented, insure profits.

Robbins & Myers Motors have been doing this for twenty-one years. In this time the name has come to be a guarantee of motor dependability, whether the size of the motor be 1-40 or 30 horsepower.

For the same reason, makers of the better motor-driven devices equip their product with R&M Motors. To be Robbins & Myers equipped is a sign of the best, whether the device be a washing machine or vacuum cleaner for the home, an addressing or mailing machine for the office, or a coffee grinder or meat chopper for the store.

Dealers who sell R&M Motors or R&M motor-equipped products have learned that they stay sold. And the sale that stays is the sale that pays.

Power users, electrical-device manufacturers and dealers find in Robbins & Myers Motors an unusual value of performance, quality and salability.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-one Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors



SPEEDING PRODUCTION



INSURING COMFORT



SIMPLIFYING HOUSEWORK

LIFE



HOW TO GET EVEN
LET THE NOBLE REDSKIN GO AS FAR AS HE LIKES

Patience Has Won the War



IN reckoning what has won the war, give the top place, so far as we Americans are concerned, to patience. Food has won it, oh, yes, as we have so often been reminded. Coal has won it; gasoline has won it, and guns and gas, and airplanes. But patience, most of all.

For, oh, how patient we have been! Would you have thought it was in us! Mauled in our feelings, invaded in all our habits, separated and re-separated with consuming reiteration from our money, teased and meddled with often by fools in all our business, taxed equitably or inequitably, just as it happened, and nothing to do about it but to pay! oh, my! And we have borne it all—paid and sweated and smiled,

and thought of nothing but the end in view.

If ever a people has borne fools gladly, we are that people. Anyone put to do a new job for which he has not been trained is more or less a fool about that job, and if he is in authority those under him have to bear with his folly.

Our war work was very largely a new job, and largely in charge of amateurs. That was true, from the President down. We all had to learn together, and largely from teachers who did not know. A great many of them don't know now, and never will; but they have learned according to their experience and capacity, and the better ones have slowly come to the top or made up without promotion for the shortcomings of their superiors. If the complaints of the army could be

gathered, you would think that nothing was right. If the complaints of the nurses and Red Cross workers and "Y" people and, above all, of the thousands of men of business who have worked for the government could be tabulated, with proper headlines, they would prove that our effort was a failure.

But it wasn't. It was a howling, a magnificent success. Out of amalgamated ignorance has come knowledge; out of co-operative incapacity has come wonderful power, and all because the mass of us couldn't quit and had to have patience and do the next thing.

Patience has won the war. It has not been won by biting thumbs at Mr. Wilson. Patience has won it. Patience geared to effort that began again every morning and gritted its teeth to see the job through.

A Future Need

SOME new devilments are now in order. The old ones have either been marked off the slate or are no longer interesting. Intoxication as a sport does not command the attention that it formerly did. Alcohol is no longer what it was, and nothing has yet been discovered to take its place.

Not so long ago fox-trotting was a congenial occupation for a large majority. Bridge playing was passionately pursued as a means of relaxation by idle ladies who are now engaged in washing dishes, putting on tires or managing canteens.

When the pressure of the war has relaxed, what will take the place of these old devilments? That they will not satisfy those who have become real workers seems hardly probable. The world does not go backward in that way.

The future of the country, as an object of our earnest solicitude, will no longer occupy our hearts and minds, at least to the extent that it does now. As soon as we begin to believe that the country can get along by itself, then we will begin to let it alone once more and go about our own business. To arrange for some new devilments seems only a wise precaution. To go on earning our living, without some form of truly wicked relaxation, is a prospect to make strong men and women turn pale.

ONE of life's little inconsistencies: Christian Scientist buying a package of predigested cereal.



A HAPPY MOMENT



THE ARMY MULE DECLARES IT HAPPENED THIS WAY

Why Wait

THE papers reported that when the great German crash became audible, Prussian General Ahlborn, retired, a veteran of the war of 1870, eighty-two years old, killed himself at the base of Bismarck's statue in Brunswick.

What a fine example for Admiral von Tirpitz!

Why wait around to be hanged, Admiral?

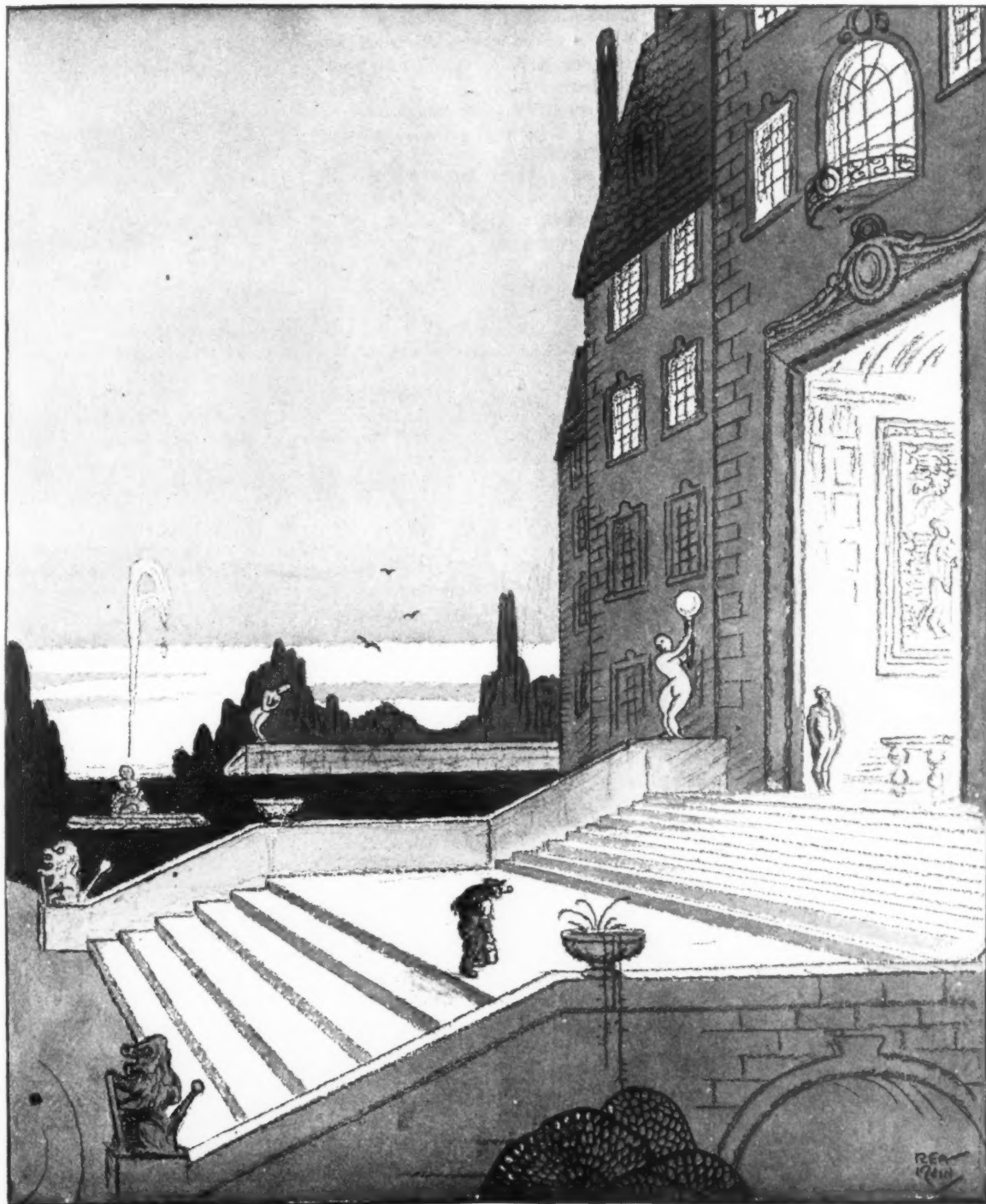
An Incident

SECRETARY (of overworked business man): Pardon me, sir, but you are to be married at twelve o'clock.

BUSINESS MAN (consulting his watch): So I am. Well, call up the bride and clergyman and tell them to come here; ask the office girl to stay in from lunch as a witness; write out a check for a hundred to the clergyman, and make a memo to tell the bride that I will join her in a couple of days—unless those western buyers should surprise me.

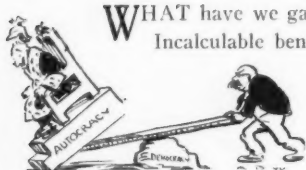


"TAKE THIS DOWN: WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A VICTORIOUS ADVANCE INTO HOLLAND"



· HOME-COMING OF THE TIRED MUNITIONS-WORKER

What We Give Thanks For



WHAT have we gained by the war? Incalculable benefits, bought at a great price.

We are paying the price, and feel it. The benefits are chiefly moral, and being beyond price are harder to reckon. Material things can be expressed in figures, and people who do not understand much except material things try to express moral things in the same way. But the figures in this war are all in the wrong column. We have spent many, many dear lives, and billions of dollars, and have nothing to show for it more tangible than that we feel better. We went into the war for our health, and we have got the health.

Very well. What is worth more than health? What is better worth expenditure and effort? What good is life without health, physical and moral?

We were not very well when we went into the war. Our integration was bad. We had run along a hundred years, accumulating assorted citizens from anywhere, until it had begun to be doubtful whether we were a unit or a congeries. We began to feel too much like a human junk heap. It began to be uncertain what breed we were, and what was the color of our lives. It was doubted that we could act together as a great people for a

great purpose, except, perhaps, for self-defense. Such doubts abounded for two years, while we stood on the brink and felt of the water and hesitated. But when, finally, Germany pulled us in, they all went to grass. We began to function as a nation at war; somewhat awkwardly at first, but with rapid improvement, and presently, with enormous energy. Then it began to be disclosed that we were not big for the mere sake of bigness, but had the dynamic force that ought to go with size, and withal, were active on our feet, and handy with our hands.

That was worth finding out, and the war has disclosed it. And it has made us valuable friends, and brought us more definitely into the family of nations, and loaded us up with new responsibilities. Thanks to the war the United States will never again seem to Europe an outlying district, nor France, nor Italy, nor England, foreign countries to the United States. There is hardly anything so valuable in life as to make acquaintance and be favorably regarded. We have made a very large acquaintance indeed, and we all hope we have earned some regard. The effect of it will be to enrich American life, and give it more background, and make it more remunerative and agreeable. And if the future is to tie the nations together more and more closely, it is worth everything to us to have tied up in a great crisis to the



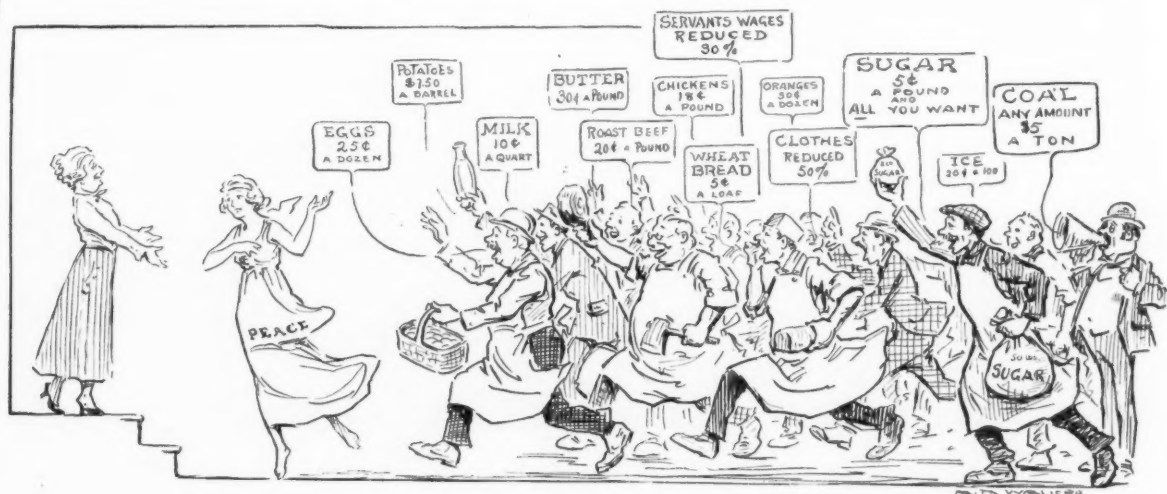
A REMINISCENCE

"WHAT ARE WE OUT HERE FOR, SERGE?"
"FOUR-LEAFED CLOVERS. THE GENERAL'S GOING TO START AN OFFENSIVE TO-MORROW."

nations that we have been associated with in this war—the nations that have fought the great fight for civilization and a better world.

Here comes around again Thanksgiving Day, the old Puritan festival, and what thanks we have this year to give! Peace has come back. The war is won. The crops are abundant. The influenza has abated. Our war losses were not greater than we can bear.

All these are fair bases for thankfulness, but the thing we praise our Maker for with grateful hearts is that we got into the war, and got into it in time. All the comfortable advantages of that course are as nothing compared with the great moral fact that by a right choice, resolutely sustained, we



THE AVERAGE HOUSEWIFE'S HOPE OF WHAT PEACE EVENTUALLY WILL BRING



"HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY REGARD FOR MONEY?"
 "WHY SHOULD HE HAVE? DIDN'T HE MARRY IT?"

saved our national soul. We may flounder more or less in the bogs ahead, and be foolish in our turn, and have the pains of it, but as long as we last, the consequences of a great right decision in a crisis will abide with us. We have taken out a new consecration—just as Grover Cleveland sometimes used to do—and in the strength of it we can go on to whatever waits.

E. S. M.

Incessant

"ARE you aware, my dear, that the telephone company has asked us to cut out all unnecessary calls?"

"Am I aware of it! Well, they must have told me that to-day at least thirty times."

Reverse American

"SHE'S up to her neck in war work, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes; but she's standing on her head most of the time."



Piggie: WHAT'S THE MATTER, MRS. DOMINICK? HAS THE EARLY FROST GIVEN YOU ALL STIFF NECKS?

Mrs. D.: THERE ARE SO MANY HAWKS AROUND LATELY OUR NECKS HAVE KINDER GOT SET THAT WAY.



"ARE YOU CRYING 'CAUSE YOUR SON IS COMING BACK FROM WAR, LADY?"
 "NO, CHILD. IT'S BECAUSE I HAD NO SON TO SEND."

Looking Backward

FLUSTERED INDIVIDUAL (in railroad station): I've just been insulted by one of the employees of this blankety-blank road, and I want to find out how to write to Mr. McAdoo about it.

INFORMATION CLERK: See that fellow standing over there? He'll tell you.

"Um. He's the man who insulted me."



"NOW THAT JOHN IS IN FRANCE, I DON'T BELIEVE I'LL HAVE TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING!"

Opinions of a Dog-Lover

(With Apologies to Certain Well-Known Advertisers)

THE companionship of a dog is delightful, educational and inspiring—ask the man who owns one.

There is absolutely no selfishness in a dog's soul—it is even more than 99.44-100 per cent. pure.

Of course, a dog should be punished if he disregards his master's voice; but it's a mighty unpleasant job. Then, too, the memory lingers.

Don't throw your dog kitchen refuse for his meals—give him real things. They cost a little more than others, but he's worth it.

If your dog is about to go to France for Red Cross service, keep some memento of him. By the way, is there a photographer in your town?

Like everyone else, a dog appreciates commendation: obey that impulse and pat him on the back. There's always a reason. For one, his is a skin you love to touch.

Don't envy a good complexion—tramp with your dog through the woods, and have one.

There is nothing extreme in providing your dog with a covering for very cold weather. Incidentally, who's your tailor?

If you haven't a fairy in your home, why not have the next best thing—a dog?

Eventually you'll get a dog; why not now?



SNUFFED OUT



Grand Old Private: I'M AS GOOD A SOLDIER AS YOU ARE, EVEN IF YOUR GENERAL THINKS I'M NOT

Mistake Somewhere

BRIGGS: I see that William J. Bryan may go over as a peace commissioner.

GRIGGS: Why, I didn't know that the peace commissioners drew salaries.

A Possibility

"YOU say you were on a raft for four days without food?"

"Yes."

"Dear me! Weren't you hungry?"



PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE HOME
KEEP YOUR ARTERIES FROM HARDENING BY
PRACTISING THESE SIMPLE EXERCISES
WHILE PERFORMING THE USUAL HOUSE-
HOLD DUTIES

Finding a Job for the Crown Prince

HE has brains enough to make a first-rate messenger boy. But it would never do to send him with a message to Paris.

His legs are long enough to make him a good caddy at golf; but the poor boy has never been able to follow up a long drive.

Before the war he might have achieved success as a ribbon clerk in a department store; but since so many ribbon clerks turned soldier and captured Huns by the dozen in single-handed raids, it is doubtful if he would be comfortable in such a berth.

The insurance business is not for

him. He doesn't know what a risk is.

Taught to drill and shoot, he might be developed into a first-class private soldier in the army of some democracy—that is, in times of peace.

He says he'd like to retire in some quiet little retreat. Evidently he's tired of retiring in big, noisy ones.

The Exigencies of War

"THEN," said the old soldier, "they took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—"

"You mean the ambulance wagon," interrupted a doubtful hearer.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they said the ammunition wagon was the proper place for me."

When Everything Is Open and Above Board

The new diplomacy having been established, frankness having become the order of the day and paternalism thoroughly entrenched, the government has issued instructions that all conversations shall contain nothing but accurate statements. Two ladies meet.

FIRST LADY: My dear, how tired you are looking! There are several new lines on your face.

SECOND LADY: Indeed. Let me call your attention to the fact that you referred to me as "dear." Now, you know that you secretly don't like me well enough for that.

FIRST LADY: True. I stand corrected. But I like you well enough to associate with you—let me see—I should say, about four hours a week.

SECOND LADY: I should say that was a fairly accurate estimate of the way I feel towards you. Shall we take luncheon together to-day?

FIRST LADY: At the moment I can think of no one else who will suit my purposes better.

SECOND LADY: Very well. But remember, I pay. I don't particularly want to, but it's my turn. What time shall we meet?

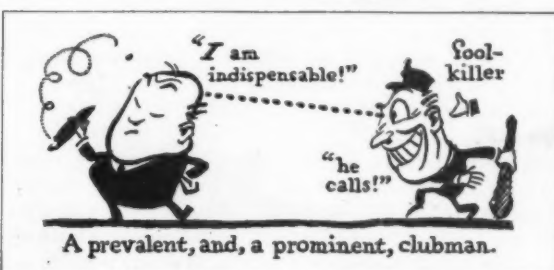
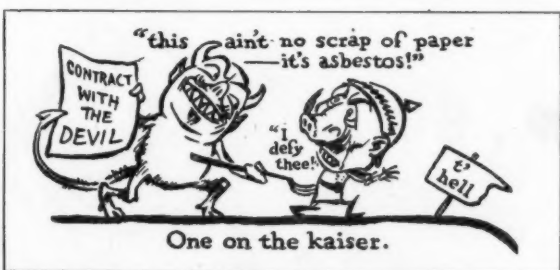
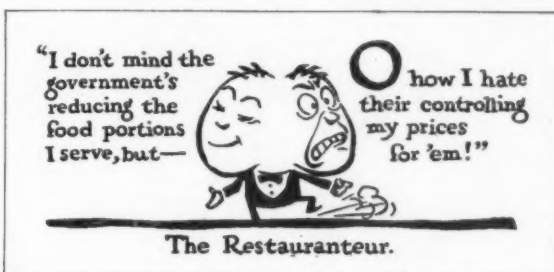
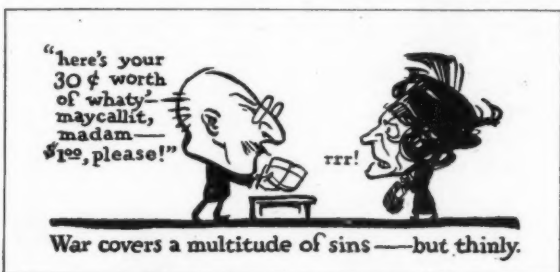
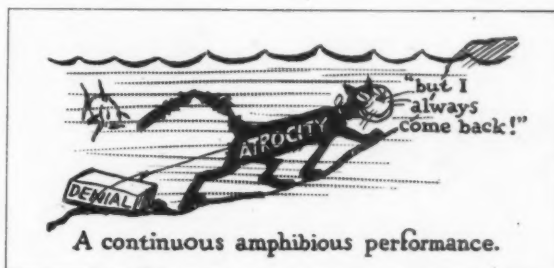
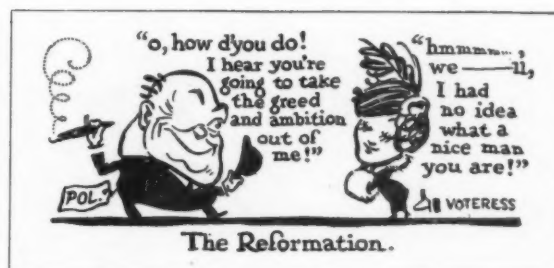
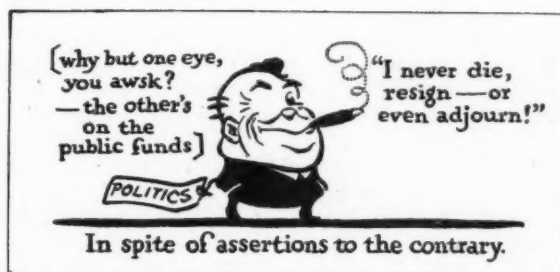
FIRST LADY: At one o'clock.

"At one o'clock. Then I will actually be there at one-thirty."

"Agreed. I'll do the same."



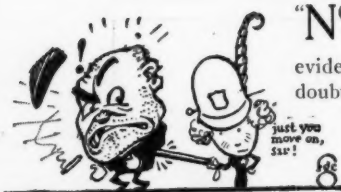
Tommy (to his fallen idol): I s'pose when you get over there you'll start kissin' the Germans, too.





HER PICTURE

When Women Rule



"NOW, girls," said the forewoman of the jury of the future, "the evidence shows that the prisoner undoubtedly stole into his wife's room when she was sleeping, in the early morning, and took nearly ten dollars in cold cash out of her trouser's pocket. The

question for us to decide is whether he was justified in this act."

"Is there any evidence to show that he was starving?" asked one of the jurywomen.

"None whatever. On the contrary, the evidence all goes to prove that he had undoubtedly had something to eat forty-eight hours before the act was committed."

"Did the man actually need anything?" asked another jurywoman.

"Nothing, so far as can be ascertained from the most rigid cross-examination. On the stand, you will remember, the prisoner confessed that he was the owner of one perfectly good suit of clothes, which he had worn only three years; that he had a hat and a pair of shoes; that his wife lavished upon him one cigar a week and gave him a dollar a month to squander upon himself. Think of all this, girls! The ingratitude of the base wretch is what gets me."

"Is he capable of earning anything?" asked a third jurywoman.

"The judge, who, as you know, is retained by our woman's party for just such cases as this, quite properly ruled out the evidence on this point, but I may say to you privately that the most the prisoner has ever been able to turn over to his wife have been paltry earnings of four or five thousand a year. I move that we give him the limit."

"What is the limit?" asked a fourth jurywoman.

"Well, I have been over the list of real punishments that can be inflicted in an extreme case of this kind. You must remember that it is our duty to make an example of this hardened criminal. We certainly cannot have any husband think he can take money out of his wife's pocket at early dawn without suffering the full penalty of the law. I suggest, therefore, that from all the punishments on this list we take the one that sentences him to be the traveling valet to a movie-picture actress. This will make him suffer enough."

"Splendid!" murmured unanimously all the other foreladies, as the clerkess of the court was instructed that the jury was now ready to give the prisoner what was coming to him.

Distinguished Service

"BEFORE you died did you wear all your old clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you eat as little as possible?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you put your fortune into Liberty Bonds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Box seat or first five rows in orchestra?"



Dentist: WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

Victim: I'M A HUMOROUS ARTIST.

Dentist: WELL, I'LL TRY AND LIVE UP TO YOUR IDEA OF MY PROFESSION!



THE HOHENZOLLERN BEANS



NOVEMBER 28
1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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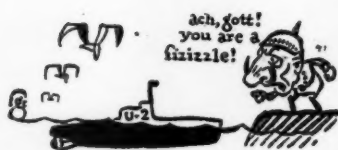
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ANDREW MILLER, *President and Treasurer*

JAMES S. METCALFE, *Secretary*

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MORE than ever there is too much in the papers.

The war being virtually over, events of the greater magnitude give way to multitudes of items. The details of the great story are told and told again. Things are revealed which could not be told before, and every day brings its grist of new movements and occurrences not of enough importance for the biggest headlines, but very interesting. One can still read the papers all day, and most of us do read them all the time we can spare, and get from them a rather kaleidoscopic idea of what is going on.

The German armies are withdrawing under the terms of the armistice from France and Belgium, and the Allied troops are following them and taking over the country they abandon. Our faithful newspapers record that even in this withdrawal, which is understood to be a penitential movement, the Germans keep up the habit of looting the country they pass through, carrying off portables in general, and especially livestock and food. It seems that they also destroy some things that, under the armistice terms, they should leave alone or surrender, but probably the German soldiers are a good deal out of control, and certainly that excuse will be made by those responsible for them.

For that matter, all Germany is a good deal out of control, and in that lies the chief possibility that events again may crowd items into the far corners of the papers. For whether the terms of the armistice will be carried out is uncertain until it is done, and whether Germany can produce in time

any government sufficiently stable to sign the peace treaties when they are ready is something no one can tell in advance. We do not get German news much better than we did while the war was still on. Up to this time of writing, there seems still to be a German government, and one that so much of the army as Hindenburg can control, supports. And it may keep order, and live to do business at Versailles, but again it may not, so the advancing troops of the Allies that are following the Germans as they withdraw, step gingerly, like folks emerging from a burnt district, who approach a powder mill.

and to tink
I might haf
von by now if
I had fought
cifulized! ach!



SINCE the Hohenzollern family has skedaddled, and the war-lord government seems to have passed away, we need not be exacting in our expectations about the shape authority will take in Germany. Let the Germans work that out. It is their funeral. If they can settle it without a general melee, so much the better. If they have to thin out their home population before they can reach a new basis of community action, the Allies can doubtless bear that, though it will be tiresome. If the Allied army of occupation goes to the Rhine and beyond it as provided, there may still be civil war in Germany, but there is not likely to be a war of Germans against anyone but Germans. The condition of Central Europe is highly speculative. In truth, the armistice terms, if they are carried out, will safeguard it. With its stock

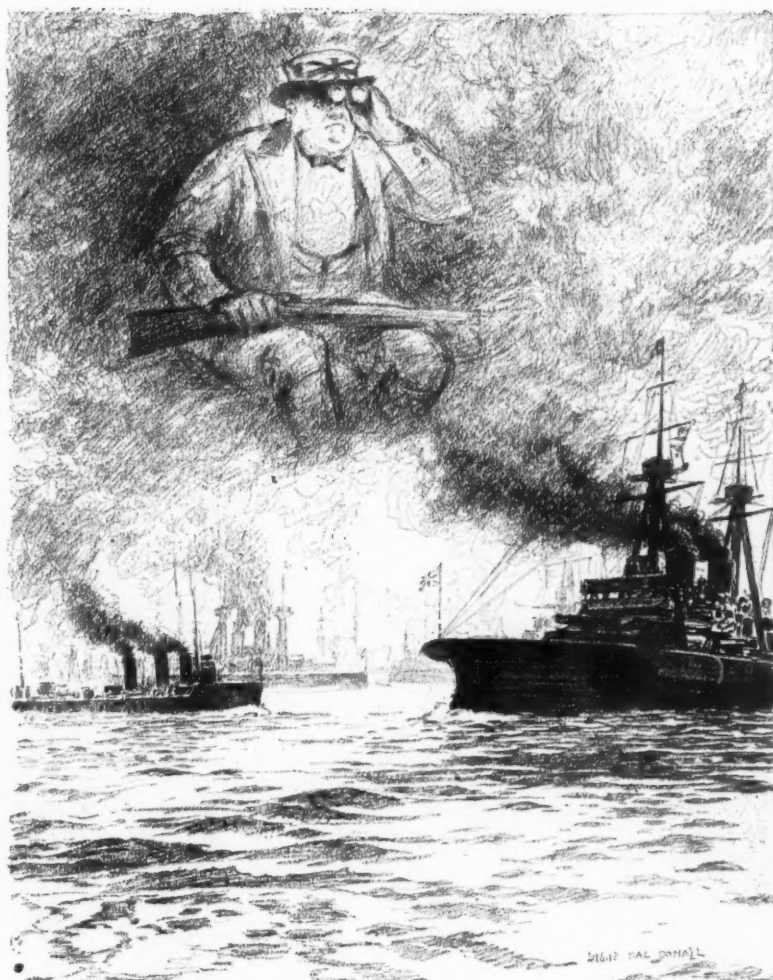
of explosives, reduced by necessary concessions and a large body of very competent police strung along within its borders, the conditions are rather favorable for Germany to reorganize the political machinery without blowing up. And though, as said, the Allies would probably watch with patience a reasonable thinning out of Germans by Germans, it is not so likely that they would stand by idle if proceedings took the form of wholesale destruction of property. They hold a mortgage on what the Germans possess, and will not wish to have their security too much impaired.



OUR troops will hardly begin to come home until the outlook is clearer. The war must be formally ended, and peace established and secured before the Allied and American armies on the ground can be reduced. Expenditures for ammunition and all operations of war can be cut down, but the armies must be maintained. And no doubt there will be a considerable army of occupation to which we will have to contribute for months to come.

But at home here war preparations are stopping as fast as possible. The draft has stopped, war contracts are being cancelled, expectations of expenditure have fallen off and taxation plans have been modified accordingly. It is conceivable that if we get through the coming year and pay our taxes, after that, people who are so fortunate as to have money will be allowed to keep an appreciable fraction of it for themselves.

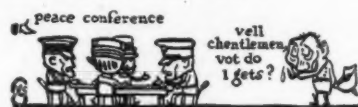
That will be nice, certainly. And handy, too, because the moment the government ceases to support the two million and odd American soldiers in France, and upwards of two million more here, they will have to derive their maintenance as before the war from the activities of the civil community, and the more the civil community has to share with them, the happier their fiscal state will be. For a year and a half the government has been doing a large part of the business of the country and paying the hands with money raised by loans and taxation. As this duty comes back to non-official



OLD INDISPENSABLE STILL ATTENTIVE

It is a fact patent to all the world that the defeat of Germany in a large part was accomplished by the power of the British navy.—Admiral Sims.

agencies, the means to discharge it must also return. That means profits, to be made as formerly, and not spent exclusively by Washington.



IT has transpired, probably through Bro. Tumulty, that there is a chance that President Wilson will go to Paris next month to the Peace Council. The newspapers have been discussing whether he ought to, and most of them think not, but none of them discloses knowledge of special reasons for his

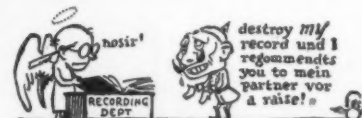
going. There may be such reasons, and if they are strong enough he will probably go. In that case, it is likely that he will tell us what his reasons are.

Even before the Presidential salary was trebled it was not customary for Presidents to go abroad during their term of office. To be sure, the habit of expecting the President to stay in the country was formed long before the go-to-Europe disposition became epidemic, but for all that it has seemed a good habit, and has stood minor shocks very well.

But what good are hoary precedents in times like these? If we can stand

sending two million men to France to fight, we can probably endure to lend one President to a Peace Council. With the war ended, Mr. Wilson will doubtless see his great chance for usefulness in helping to reorganize Europe on a democratic basis. For the moment there is nothing to be done here but details of great importance, to be sure, but possible to be discharged without incessant attention from the chief executive. But over there there are great principles to be expounded and applied, to the end that humanity may get the best possible start in a wonderful new era, and in adventures of that sort our President's participation may be of the utmost value.

If Mr. Wilson is persuaded that he ought to go to Paris, no doubt he will go. No picayune considerations of prudence should prevent him. He has an extraordinary reputation in Europe, and it may be that he is too important a factor to be spared from a council of such unique importance as that which is to meet at Versailles.



SOME of the Dutch think that Holland can get along better without its Queen and her German consort.

That does not seem unlikely. The Dutch court has been pro-German. The Dutch Queen is not an overwise person, nor one that has inspired an abnormal degree of national affection. William, the late Kaiser, was able to nominate a husband for her, and if her royalty should be involved in the ruin of his, there need not be any serious amount of lamentation.

Nevertheless, the Dutch seem to like her, partly because she is their Queen, and partly because she represents the house of Orange. And they are a people of steady habits, not given to changing for the sake of change.

Of more concern to us is the impetuous demand of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt for an American woman in the Peace Council to represent American woman voters.

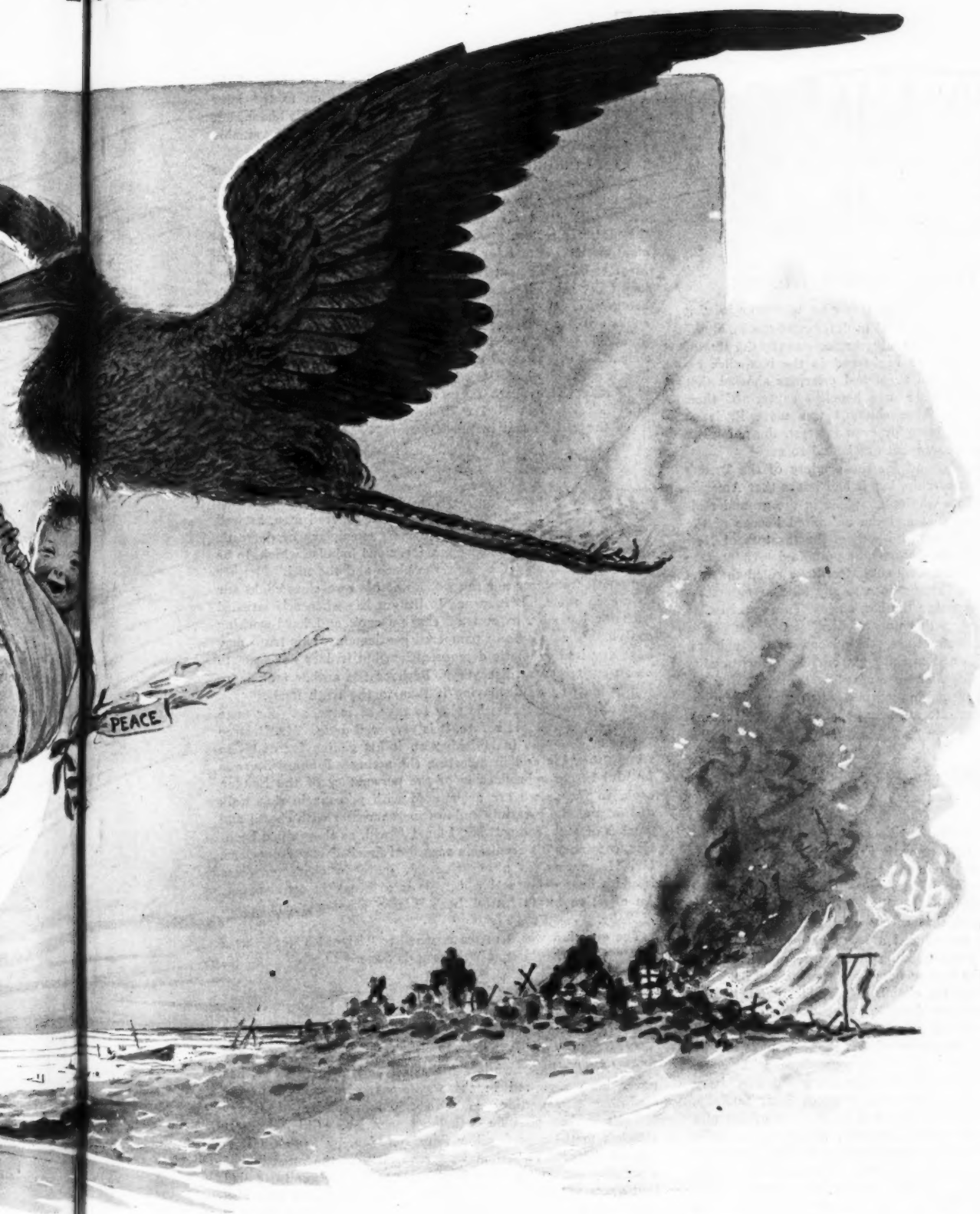
What will Mr. Wilson say to that?

He has paid court to the woman vote. It is the most hazardous prop a politician can lean on.



A Growing
TWINS—VICTORY

· LIFE ·



A Growing Family
TWIN SIBLINGS—VICTORY AND PEACE



Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs



SOME time ago LIFE threw up whatever brief it may ever have held in defense of the Purity of the Stage. So many adverse decisions by the Jury of Public Opinion, as registered in the box-office receipts, of unclean theatrical offerings showed that our pleadings were in a hopeless cause, and their reiteration in these columns was more likely to bore than to please, or even interest, the public we would like to lead but are bound to serve.

LIFE never stood for the prudery of the British dramatic censorship, but it had hopes that America might hold its wholesome place in the ground midway between that and the unlimited license of the Continental theatres. Those who control the theatres of New York, where the New York theatre-going public determines the fate of plays for the whole United States, have ruled that the American stage shall be thrown open to any kind of entertainment that will draw money to the box office. There still exists a remnant of objection to this uncontrolled license, consisting of persons who, for themselves, their sons and daughters, would like to be informed against patronizing or witnessing indecencies, and for these, who are mostly readers of LIFE, we retain the privilege of making certain distinctions in statement, but without going into argument that might prove wearisome to others.



A CASE in point is Mr. Knoblock's "Tiger! Tiger!" just produced at the Belasco with Frances Starr in the leading rôle. The very excellence of its staging and acting emphasizes the closeness of its study in the dramatic school of Vice in Detail. In illustration of this perfection it may be said that rarely on the New York stage has there been reproduced a more natural and refined atmosphere of good-breeding and gentle manners than that shown in the first scene, where the London bachelor entertains in his own chambers his elderly friend and the friend's charming daughter, played with distinction by Dorothy Cumming.

The delightful character of this scene emphasizes, by contrast, the next two, which reproduce with equal fidelity another phase of bachelor-apartment life. Here enters the heroine of the play, Frances Starr as Sally, who later on solves a certain light mystery of the plot by divulging the fact that she is a cook, withal an unusually young, shapely and attractive representative of that useful and worthy, although not romantic, calling. The scenes depict the first meeting between the bachelor hero and this unusual heroine. The two scenes, although done with as much delicacy as the occurrences allow, present such a study of Vice in Detail as has not often been seen on the New York stage, and possibly have an educational value for persons not likely to en-

counter such experiences in real life. For the purposes of the play and plot, the author might have gone on to the later developments and indicated this episode by verbal allusion, but evidently its acting possibilities appealed to him as too valuable to lose as dramatic material.

The fact that the heroine is a cook is essential to the further complications of the story, although it would seem as though she might have been made a parlor-maid, or at least a laundress, with greater romantic interest and without weakening the plot. It certainly would have accounted quite as well for class distinction and for the fact that she was able to visit her Member-of-Parliament lover in his chambers on Tuesday evenings only. Which suggests a minor query—the verities of life being so closely observed in the play—as to whether London cooks are less privileged than their American *consoeurs* in the inviolable every other Sunday off. At all events, the final suggestion of the smell of cooking cabbage in his sweetheart's hair leads to the bachelor's belated decision to join the fighting in Flanders, his death in service and a final touching scene in which it is revealed that, despite the cabbage, he really loved the girl he met in the street.



"TIGER! TIGER!" derives its curious title from the fact that in the breasts of even the best-ordered men, as well as in the pectoral regions of the most exemplary of domestic servants, there lies slumbering a ferocious impulse which, to be aroused, needs only the time, the place and the girl. Neither the poetic legislator nor the woman of his own class could stir it in each other, but it sprang to instant life when self-satisfied bachelor looked into eyes of capable cook and hard-working cook looked into eyes of pampered gentleman. This truth may have required dramatic demonstration, but it does not seem to be an entirely new discovery. Perhaps the author took more joy in his way of displaying it than in the truth itself.

At all events, this is the play to take or leave, as your taste may dictate. As said before, it is very well done. Mr. Belasco has been generous in lavishing on it his genius for detail in setting the play and in directing the acting. Frances Starr is faithful in her reproduction of the personality of the London cook, so far as we are acquainted with persons in that walk of life, and she certainly endows the character with charm and touches of real feeling. Mr. Lionel Atwill, as the spoiled bachelor, continues his creditable record of finished impersonations. Mr. Heggie makes a negative but quite in character close friend whose disagreeable duty it is to break in on romance. An effective bit is Auriol Lee's Lizzie, a kitchen companion of Sally.

The question which arises is whether "Tiger! Tiger!" as a play was worth doing so well as it is done.



OWING to differences of opinion between LIFE and certain entirely commercial managers in New York, "Daddy Long Legs," which awhile ago had a long run in this city, has never been reviewed in these columns. Its revival in the charming surroundings and artistic atmosphere of Henry Miller's makes possible a belated mention. Chief interest attaches to the now familiar impersonation, by Ruth Chatterton, of the orphan-asylum waif who attracts the attention of a wealthy but much older benefactor, only eventually to find that years are no bar to love, and that a benefactor may also become a lover and husband. It is late to say that the star is charming and fitted to the rôle. Mr. Miller himself supplants the creator of the hero's part, and errs, if at all, principally in too strongly marked assumption of youthful de-

meanor. The rest of the cast is entirely competent, the story is prettily and ingeniously unfolded, so that "Daddy Long Legs" seems thoroughly entitled to a revival of the popularity it so long enjoyed.



LIFE is wondering about the terms of the armistice that the playgoing public will give to the war plays and spy dramas that have over-stayed their market. Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"Little Simplicity," by Young and Barrett. Girl-and-music show of about the usual quality.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. See above.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. French triangle comedy with bright lines and a farcical touch.

Booth.—"Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kummer. Bright American comedy with Lola Fisher and clever dialogue.

Broadhurst.—"Ladies First," by Messrs. Sloane and Smith, with Nora Bayes. The fun-making star well supported in tuneful musical comedy.

Casino.—"Sometime." Girl-and-music show with about the customary amount of diversion.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Sentimental rural drama of the old-fashioned kind seasoned with a war interest.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy drama of absorbing qualities, well played.

Comedy.—"A Place in the Sun," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Notice later.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. An unusual and well acted bit of British fun successfully dramatized from the artist's war sketches.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Three samples of the American middle-aged bachelor amusingly dissected.

Eltz.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Original and interesting war play, well acted by the two artists who make up the cast.

Empire.—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. Polite English comedy, well played.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertory, beginning with "Richelieu." Classic plays creditably done.



"HE JESTS AT SCARS"



"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady"

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack. Interesting dramatic illustration of the effect of the war as a maker of character.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Interesting and artistic rendering of standard and modern drama.

Fulton.—"A Stitch in Time," by Bailey and Meaney. Irene Fenwick, sweet and pretty in a not remarkable play of the Cinderella school.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Excellent character study in a comedy of Reno and divorce.

Globe.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show with no startling departure from the usual type.

Harris.—"The Riddle: Woman" with Mme. Kalich. The picturesque star as the heroine of a study in blackmailing.

Henry Miller's.—"Daddy Long Legs." See above.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." The customary large-size display of ballet, spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The dilemma of the American born in Germany with its humorous and pathetic sides.

Longacre.—"Nothing but Lies" with Mr. William Collier. The fun of the star in a sketchy comedy and backed up by a good company.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Showing how the French war orphans can reach the human side even of hardened bachelors.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by

Messrs. West and Moore. A new and interesting development of crime melodrama.

Manhattan.—Last week of "The Auctioneer" with Mr. David Warfield. One type of the East-Side Jew admirably depicted.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. An extraordinarily clever American polite comedy, very well played.

Morosco.—"The Remnant," by Messrs. Nicodemi and Morton, with Florence Nash. Notice later.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. The lighter standard operas in excellent rendition.

Playhouse.—"Home Again," derived from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Refreshing pictures of Indiana life and character.

Plymouth.—Tolstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Strong acting by the star in a drama of Russian degeneracy.

Republic.—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." Notice later.

Selwyn.—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. Notice later.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal." Sequel to "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck. Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Long Dash," by Messrs. MacKay and Mapes. A novel introduction of a mechanical device as the hero of a melodrama with a spy interest.

Vanderbilt.—"The Matinée Hero," by Messrs. Ditrichstein and Thomas, with the former in the title rôle. Diverting and well played comedy based on an actor's home life.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad" again back to its original happy hunting grounds with its big collection of girls and music.



JUST HIS LUCK

The Man In the Tree

HAVE you heard how we shattered the lines of the foe
When the boys clad in khaki advanced upon Vaux,
How we battered the Boches and caused them to flee?
It was through Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

Where the boughs of a pine bole uprose like a spire,
He strung some thin strands of a telephone wire;
Then "Fire!" was the word that he shouted in glee,
This gay Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

Though round him the bullets were buzzing like bees,
He sat like a soldier who's taking his ease;
Now "Right" and now "Left" and now "Center,"
called he,
This blithe Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

"Come down!" hailed a voice in the heat of the strife.
"Come down?" answered Bradley. "No, not on your
life!"

And he struck to his post; he was deaf to all plea,
This gallant young Captain, the man in the tree!

So 'twas "Boom" and 'twas "Bang" till the Huns had
their fill,
And we routed them out from their nests on the hill;
And we marched into Vaux with a stride that was free,
Through brave Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

Clinton Scollard.

FIRST ACTOR: We opened in New Haven.

SECOND ACTOR: Why, I thought you closed in New Haven.

"Same night."

At the Theatre

THE other day someone dragged me to a matinée. The same old show. Rows of girls. Tights. Overgrown hall-boys with sleeked heads, dancing for the first time in their lives—smiling like watermelons. More dancing. Then interludes. Screaming farce. The audience enchanted. Children in fits of laughter. Gaiety—abandoned fun—thumping music.

I felt the need of air, and on going out into the twilight of a long, cavernous corridor I ran across a group of six young fellows in khaki. One had lost a foot, one a hand. One had a bad hand. One was on crutches. He had evidently been shot to pieces and had had a spell of the hospital. The shape of his skull was changed. He looked like a sick bird.

These boys were sidling along by the edge of the cavern where the railing was, helping each other. They were very quiet, and seemed to avoid notice. They seemed almost ashamed of themselves.

What with the cooler air, the subdued light and this sudden vision of unconscious humility, I felt as if I must have stumbled and taken a fall of a thousand feet into another world. I watched the boys as they helped and hoisted each other along, and finally got themselves into a back row in the parquet, from which they watched the show limply and quietly.

It would seem that those who have given all, expect nothing.
John Jay Chapman.

IT ain't the 'ard fightin' what 'urts the Kaiser's sons—
It's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard-eaded 'Uns.



THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN



NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918
THE WAY WE ALL FELT



THE ALL-HIGHEST—AND OTHERS

Pushing Up the Average



JEANNE POINSIGNON,
BABY 3060

WE are not yet out of the woods with the Christmas Fund. This week's total brings the average amount to be spent on the thirty-four hundred war orphans a fraction over seventy cents. We have figured that those French war kiddies wouldn't have a proper idea of Uncle Sam as Santa Claus unless on Christmas day every one of them had gifts from America, although made in France, that cost a dollar for each child. Of course LIFE itself has underwritten this amount, but it feels sure that every generous and child-loving reader of LIFE wants to be a member of this international Christmas party.

Please bear in mind that the toys will be the handiwork of wounded French soldiers who have been educated to this work, and that the little garments will be made by women and girls who have been robbed by the war of their usual sources of support. Thus

every dollar of the Christmas Fund does double duty in bringing comfort and happiness to our brave ally. LIFE is happy to acknowledge from

A. H. M., New York City.....	\$7
"Maine".....	5
William C. Rice, Boston, Mass.....	5
Eaton's Ranch, Wolf, Wyo.....	5
L. I. Hill, Youngstown, Ohio.....	4
Arthur, Frances and Molly, "Wela-wi-ben," Berkeley, Cal.....	3
Mrs. H. C. Leech and W. C. Leech, Wilkinsburg, Pa.....	2
C. B. Rhodes, Orchard, Colo.....	2
Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D.....	2
The Thimble Club, Wellesville, N. Y.....	8
D. H. Burgess, Petersburg, Va.....	30
F. U. F., Milwaukee, Wis.....	10
Mrs. C. W. Noble, Toronto, Ontario.....	1.50
W. Parsons Todd, Morristown, N. J.....	50
Henry T. Sloane, New York City.....	10
Miss M. M. Jones, San Francisco, Cal.....	10
Mrs. J. Spencer Van Cleve, Erie, Pa.....	5
Mary H. Goodwin, Greensburg, Pa.....	3
Wm. H. Monk, Jr., Mobile, Ala.....	1
James C. Hooper, Lake Charles, La.....	1
Mrs. Frederic Preston, Los Angeles, Cal.....	1
John Philip Sousa, Great Lakes Training School, Illinois.....	35.31
Mrs. W. G. Peckham, Westfield, N. J.....	10
S. E. Witherell, Boston, Mass.....	10
Mrs. F. W. Nichols, Houghton, Mich.....	3
Mary G. Helm, Rockford, Ill.....	5
In memory of F. L. M., Winona, Minn.....	5
Winifred F. Irwin, New York City.....	5
A Friend, Davenport, Iowa.....	5
A Friend, Tonopah, Neb.....	5
"In memory of Lieutenant Raymond W. Thompson," Concord, N. H.....	10
Eliot Porter Goss, Waterbury, Conn.....	10
A group of girls from Mt. Vernon, Ohio.....	10
R. S. B., Plainfield, N. J.....	25
Friend of the Kiddies, Burlington, Iowa.....	12
Mrs. Wm. C. Hawkins, Hamilton, Ontario.....	25
W. D. Brickell, Columbus, Ohio.....	10

Captain S. H. McVitty, Washington, D. C.	10
Lieutenant and Mrs. S. S. Simonson, Merced, Cal.	5
Lyndwode Smart and Rosemary Smart, Worcester, Mass.	1
Janet and Edmund A. Spence, Sturgis, Mich.	10
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Clark, Yokohama, Japan.	12
In memory of Captain John Douglass Wade (killed in action), Clopper, Md.	10
George E. Tener, Sewickley, Pa.	25
Miss Edith Anne Tener, Sewickley, Pa.	25
F. F. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal.	10
Five Little Friends, Wooster, Ohio.	5
White Lake Titney, Grand Rapids, Mich.	5
Mrs. H. S. Wiltzie, Pottersville, N. Y.	5
Miss Phyllis Ridgely, Mrs. Henry Ridgely and Henry Ridgely, Dover, Del.	3
Miss Eunice Stebbins, Omaha, Neb.	2
Clara L. Booth, New York City.	2
Anonymous, Summit, N. J.	2
Mrs. Francis S. Bradford, Appleton, Wis.	2
Isabel Danforth, New York City.	4
Two Friends, Sacramento, Cal.	5
Agnes P. Smith, Catonsville, Md.	1
T. H. Phillips, Greenswood, Miss.	2
Mrs. Ben W. Reed, Oakland, Cal.	50
Edith R. Cranch, Erie, Pa.	2
Mrs. Charles B. Hobbs, Great River, L. I.	25
Mrs. Robert C. Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.	5
Morton Iversen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Borton, Albany, N. Y.	5
"Margaret," Earlsyville, Va.	1
Mrs. S. L. Des Portes, Columbia, S. C.	1
Miss Edith C. Swezey, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1
Mrs. R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D.	2
Miss Mary C. Gray, Boston, Mass.	10
I. R. W. B., Vancouver, B. C.	10
Dr. Emily Blakeslee, Sandusky, Ohio.	10
Miss C. de Launay, Columbus, Ga.	1
Geo. H. Lessur, New York City.	1
War Worker, Washington, D. C.	1
Grace M. Streit, Arrochar, Staten Island.	1
Caroline A. Warner, Troy, N. Y.	10
Already acknowledged	1767.38

\$2405.19

THE MAIN FUND FOR THE FRENCH BABIES

After the joy of Christmas giving, mere bread, and butter and clothes and shelter seem commonplace things, but, in spite of peace, the big work must still go on. There are



LUCIEN BOYER, BABY 2446, HIS MOTHER AND SISTER

still thousands of destitute French babies whose fathers have been killed in the war. For two years the seventy-three dollars we ask keeps a French war orphan with its mother and helps to sustain the idea of family life.

America's losses in the war, killed, wounded and missing, total less than one hundred thousand. France's losses run up into the millions. Our total is serious enough, but think how many little children there are in France to-day left destitute and fatherless, and then think of what cause we have for gratitude. Does not the Babies' Fund provide a fitting way to express that feeling?

LIFE has received, in all, \$276,851.90, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,561,679.75 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from



JEAN ALBRECHT, BABY 2505

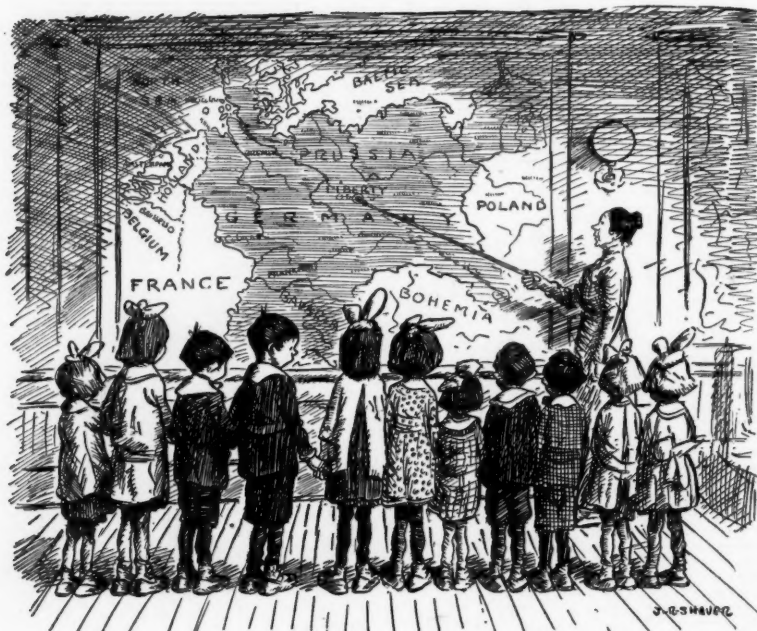
A. H. M., New York City, for Baby No. 3337	\$73
Etheredge Walker, Trinity Center, Cal., for Baby No. 3338	73
Mrs. C. W. Noble, Toronto, Ontario, for Baby No. 3339	73
F. W. Lee, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 3340	73
John Philip Sousa, Great Lakes Training School, Ill., for Baby No. 3341	73
Janet and Edmund A. Spence, Sturgis, Mich., for Babies Nos. 3343 and 3344	146
In memory of Captain John Douglass Wade (killed in action), Clopper, Md., for Baby No. 3345	73
Mrs. George E. Tener, Sewickley, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3346 and 3347	146
Captain Kinley J. Tener, Sewickley, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3348 and 3349	146
Miss Edith Anne Tener, Sewickley, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3350 and 3351	146
Miss Frances Tener, Sewickley, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3352 and 3353	146
Elizabeth M. Wells, Newell, W. Va., for Baby No. 3354	73
H. N. Harker, East Liverpool, Ohio, for Baby No. 3355	73
Pi Beta Club, New York City, for Baby No. 3357	73
T. J. Phillips, Greenwood, Miss., for Baby No. 3359	73
Conant, Elizabeth, John, Susanne and Katherine Webb, Montclair, N. J., for Baby No. 3361	73
"In memory of a little sister—G. L. B.," New York City, for Baby No. 3365	73
Mrs. O. T. Wallace, Wilmington, N. C., for Baby No. 3366	73
French War Orphan Fund of Hancock County, Ohio, for Baby No. 3367	73
RENEWALS: F. U. F., Milwaukee, Wis., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Willard S. Augsbury, Antwerp, N. Y., \$73; Alex. and Margaret Caldwell, Wheeling, W. Va., \$73; H. N. Wood, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Clark, Yokohama, Japan, \$73; Lee and George Martin Gill, Englewood, N. J., \$25; Grace L. Clapp, Northampton, Mass., \$48; Henry E. Gardiner, Elizabeth Gardiner and Alice Gardiner, Anaconda, Mont., \$73; Conant, Elizabeth, John, Susanne and Katherine Webb, Montclair, N. J., \$73; F. L. Dunne & Co., Boston, Mass., \$73; Robert M. Jeffress, Richmond, Va., \$73; Gertrude B. Lane and Sophie Kerr Underwood, New York City, \$73; Janet Stanwood Foote, Grass Valley, Cal., \$73; Joseph and Mary Annis, Detroit, Mich., \$73.	
PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Mrs. W. F. Reynolds, Bellefonte, Pa., \$6; The ladies of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10; Mrs. E. P. Odeneal, Gulfport, Miss., \$10; Mrs. J. W. Moore, Ahsokie, N. C., \$20; "Sailor," U. S. S. Minneapolis, \$10; Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Two Friends, Sacramento, Cal., \$25; Laura V. Edwards, Cleveland, Ohio, \$10; Agnes P. Smith, Catonsville, Md., \$36.50; Lieutenant H. V. S. Page, Port Said, Egypt, \$16.73; Mrs. Mary A. Rice, San Francisco, Cal., \$36.50; Herbert D. Foster, Hanover, N. H., \$10; Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$3; Dorothy Bryan, Northampton, Mass., \$10; Helen J. Barker and Rachel D. Barker, Pough- keepsie, N. Y., \$2; "The Youngsters," Charleston, S. C., \$18.	

BABY NUMBER 3332

Already acknowledged	\$10.43
The Williams Hotel Club, Glenwood Springs, Colo.	36.50
Kathryn Kimball, New York City	5
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, Colorado Springs, Colo.	10
Nelson F. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y.	6
W. C. R., New York City	5.07

BABY NUMBER 3364

W. C. R., New York City	\$4.93
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Teacher: AND HERE IS LIBERTY, THE CAPITAL OF GERMANY. IT USED TO BE CALLED BERLIN

Conference

ALL the dogs met to consider the question as to how the world was to be made safe for the new canine democracy.

"I am the victim of feminine autocracy," said the Pekinese. "Being rather diminutive in size and nice in my tastes, there is a general impression that I am effeminate and the slave of luxury. On the contrary, there is really a lot of fight in me, and I have a secret inclination to be a sport, even among the so-called rough-necks. I think I am

entitled to be developed along these lines."

"The fact that I come from Germany," said the dachshund, "has put upon me an undeserved blight which is likely to continue for many generations. I ask, Is this fair? I am really affectionate, intensely loyal, dead against all cruelty and decidedly in favor of a permanent peace based on the highest domestic ideals."

"My long sufferings as an outcast, in which I have been subjected to every species of neglect and torture," said the mongrel, "have produced in me a set of qualities that ought, in my humble opinion, to be put to better use for the good of humanity. I have an immense capacity for endurance; to anyone who gives me the slightest token of love I will stick, even unto the bitter end, and I have developed a sense of humor and a philosophy of my own. Certainly, something ought to be done to right my wrongs."

"I speak for my own companions in misery, no matter of what breed they may be," said the professionally trained fox terrier who appeared in a vaudeville troupe. "Our injustices cry to heaven for vengeance. Just because we are selected from all the dog king-

dom for our exceptional intelligence, we are forced to go through a long course of private torture before we appear in public. We are beaten, starved and often filled with dope, virtually slaves to a sordid commercial instinct on the part of our masters. Is this not horrible? What redress is there for us?"

"I move," said the Irish terrier, who was considered the best politician present, "that we form a league of breeds, and stand out at once at the coming peace conference for the freedom of the streets and alleys, ample protection from all vivisectioners, and an old-age pension system, hospital privileges, domestic tranquillity and an equal chance for all."

"I'll give my life, my fortune and my sacred honor to this cause," said the mastiff; "but, my friends, how in the world are we to get public opinion working for us? President Wilson is too busy. Marshal Foch, I know, is favorable to all of us, but he has his hands full. How can we get this before the world?"

"Send it to LIFE," growled an Airedale.

And it was so ordered.

POLLY: She used to be a brunette, and now she's a decided blonde.

DOLLY: Yes, and even now she isn't satisfied.

POLLY: Doesn't know which way to turn next, eh?



"ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES"



A CLOSE RELATIVE



A PERFECTLY GOOD AMERICAN SUDDENLY REALIZES HE HAS BEEN ABSENT-MINDEDLY WHISTLING
"DIE WACHT AM RHINE"

Future

OWING to certain prohibitive laws the details of which are highly uninteresting, about two hundred million dollars' worth of good whiskey and kindred spirits is locked up and cannot be had for love or money. It is growing older and richer and more beautiful by the hour.

Are we going to become so good in the future that this wonderful reservoir of enthusiasm will be forgotten and in the march of time be overlooked? Who knows but that some catastrophe may overcome this civilization and leave us, like Babylon and Tyre and Sidon, only a weak memory.

And think of the travelers of the future—say, two thousand years hence—suddenly digging into the roof of one of these whiskey bond warehouses! Think of how mellow that whiskey will be then!

One of these highly advanced gentleman, perhaps more courageous than his brother, might easily take a sip from the hitherto buried cask, at the risk of an unknown death.

Perhaps half an hour later, with enraptured face and a soul lifted up into new regions of joy hitherto undreamed, who knows but what he might exclaim:

"Brother, in the scroll of the past preserved from the wreck of those American barbarians, there's a reference made to an ideal that will make the world safe for democracy. Betcher this is it!"



FRITZ'S THANKSGIVING



"MY! WHAT A DESTRUCTIVE DOG YOU HAVE, SONNY! HE MUST HAVE GERMAN BLOOD IN HIM."
 "NO, HE HASN'T; BUT HE WOULD HAVE IF HE COULD FIND A GERMAN."

We Shall Be Tired

WHEN we get through with this war a great many of us will be tired. Many will be sad; saddened in spirit, perhaps, for the rest of their lives.

Many will be poorer, though some will be richer, and many, many, many will be tired.

And they will stay tired for a good while; some of them permanently, but the younger ones only until they are fed up and have had time to get rested.

Food and rest are the specifics for weariness, but food is going to be scarce. Every time lately that a belligerent has caved in, it has meant another nation to be fed. Mr. Hoover is busy with the problem of feeding Europe, and we already begin to hear from him about restriction in nourishment. We are getting tired of obedience, and would like to throw all war-orders out of the window along with the war, but these food orders must be respected for months to come—six months at least, and how much longer

A Comment and a Prophecy

HERE lie the silly Sabre-Folk who sought,
 Drunk with the dream of Attila, to bind
 The world in fetters. Now they are nought
 But dust blown down the wind.
 Yet did the world see,
 Ere it was set free,
 Paretic Nietzsche's brood
 Washing with bitter blood
 The feet of Liberty.

London, August, 1914.

Frederick Peterson.

Schedule

THE following set of bugle-calls has been arranged for the convenience of the swivel-chair war workers of Washington:

Reveille—From 8:30 to 10:00 A. M., in time to catch a trolley car downtown.

Noon mess—12:00 to 2:30 P. M., at the New Willard, Shoreham or other suitable lunching place.

Dress parade—Through Peacock Alley from 4 to 6 P. M.

Retreat—Promptly at 4:30 P. M., if not before then.

Taps—From 11:00 P. M. to 2:30 A. M., depending on the closing of the theatres and restaurants.

A Question of Terms

WHEN Frank proposed to Irene he offered her his name and three-quarters of his weekly salary."

"Did she accept him?"

"No. She insisted on nothing less than an unconditional surrender."



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

only a bonded statistician could tell, and he would probably tell wrong. He would know, however, how much surplus food there was in South America, Australia, New Zealand and the Indies,

and what prospect there was of having ships to spare to fetch it to Europe. In Brazil there must be plenty of coffee, and in Java quite a bit of sugar,

(Continued on page 795)



APPROVED METHOD
OF PREVENTING THE ESCAPE OF PRISONERS OF WAR



A Minor Matter

A Cardiff woman joined a private literary circle. Her husband, who had no faith in feminine judgment on such matters, was anxious to know how things went.

"Well, and what sort of a meeting did you have?" he asked, on his wife's return.

"Splendid!" she answered.

"And what was the topic under discussion?"

"Oh," was the reply, "we discussed the antecedents of that brazen woman with the dyed hair that's just moved in opposite the Joneses and also one of the poets—Shelley, I think."

—Cardiff (Wales) Western Mail.

"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?"

"One man did, but he didn't say much."

"What did he say?"

"All he said was 'Fifty dollars and costs.'"—Baltimore American.



HIS SERVICE FLAG

The Explanation

HOSPITAL VISITOR: These sketches are awfully good, but why do you draw such ugly women? Tell me, where do you get your subjects from?

PATIENT: Oh, mostly from the visitors.—Windsor Magazine.

A Suspicious Word

The dealer who tells you that your winter's coal has been "slated" for delivery may mean well, but his choice of words raises uncomfortable doubts on the quality of that promised fuel.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

"WHEN I say a thing," remarked Bliggins, "I mean it. I never change my mind."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it," replied the diffident friend. "I remember some mighty interesting things you said about paying back ten dollars you once borrowed."—Washington Star.

FAIR AMERICAN (in Hyde Park): You Britishers seem to take a delight in running down your own things! Now, I can't see anything rotten about this Row!

—Tit-Bits.

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A Wanderer

AUNT LIZA approached a clerk in the harness shop of a small Virginia town, and asked him to read for her a letter from her son in France.

The obliging clerk started reading: "Somewhere in France—"

Aunt Liza cut him short with a loud guffaw.

"Dar, now," she laughed, "somewhere in France. Don't know where! I tol' dat fool nigger he's goin' git los' ef he went to France."

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We Shall Be Tired

(Continued from page 792)

when ships can be spared to fetch it, and ships are building fast, and the business of sinking them has suspended.

Eventually the tired people will get more than the indispensable minimum of food, but how will they get rested? The most popular remedy for the tired feeling among the more prosperous of us, has been to go to Europe. That remedy will be suspended for some time. For excessive fatigue, the German baths used to be popular. Those that survive the war—if any do—will be needed by the Germans, among whom the need of recuperation will be even more urgent than with the rest of us.

Perhaps the great "drive" industry will be suspended. That will be a help. And the people who have been making munitions will quit that employment, and may rest for awhile on their savings. And possibly there will be a let-up in anxiety, for though the problems of peace will be fairly anxious, they will not be so hazardous as war.

The most restful thing will be to have our men come home from France and get back to the work that belongs to them, and shoulder again the responsibilities which the tired people have been carrying for them. Two per cent. of the population might doubtless be spared without inducing general fatigue if the selection was made to that end. But our two million who went to France were not picked because we could spare them, but on quite a different basis. And the two million more who are in training, and the huge number of people not in khaki whose business has been the organization and promotion of war—when we get all these back on the job of making life endurable and doing the work of it, it will be restful.

But how tired will they be when they come home?

Ah, but war is a weary job!

A Club for Sailors and Soldiers

CHATEAU-THIERRY CLUB in New York, at the east end of Fifty-third Street, opposite Blackwell's Island, is right on the high bank of the East River, and the soldiers and sailors from hospitals in that neighborhood who come there never lack movement in the river picture they look out on.

The club is not large—a single, four-story, twenty-foot house—but it is pleasant, and useful where it is, and gives a change of view and location to the convalescent men who come there. For their transportation the club runs



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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Janet's Protest

Janet, aged nine, was taken by her mother to lunch at the house of a friend.

The hostess was of the talkative variety, and, in her enjoyment of certain interesting little incidents she was relating, quite forgot to give Janet anything in the shape of food.

After a lapse of several minutes Janet could endure this situation no longer. So, raising her plate as high as she could, she demanded in a shrill voice:

"Anybody here want a clean plate?"
—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Black Eyes

"They say," remarked the moralizer, "that aggressive and impulsive people usually have black eyes."

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "If they are not born with them they manage to acquire them later."

—*Indianapolis Star.*

Equal to It

"Say, that lot you sold me is three feet under water."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is, and you know it is."

"Well, it's a good thing you told me. I can let you have a bargain in a canoe."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

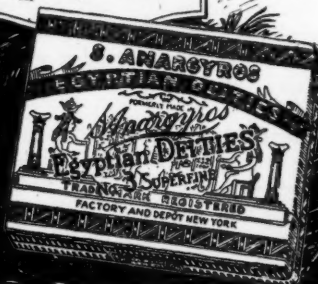
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A Little of Both

Aunt Nancy was visiting an army camp, and as she approached some rookies were sitting on their heels and then rising to a standing position in perfect unison.

"What are the boys doing now?" she asked.

"Why, those are the setting-up exercises," explained an obliging sergeant.

"Humph!" remarked auntie. "Looks to me more like settin' down exercises."

—*Indianapolis Star.*

Flatly Impossible

"Yes," said Simpkins, "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thought I would do that too," said Smith, "but when I looked up the way to do it I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Ripened Judgment

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And I am the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

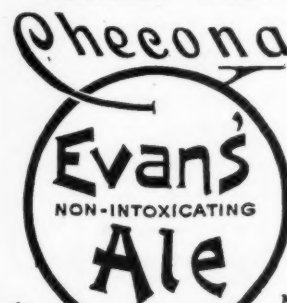
"TWAS the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—
except the wise and thoughtful head
of the family, who was writing out the
cards which announced to the happy
recipients that they would each receive
as a Christmas gift a year's subscrip-
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Books Received

The Apple Woman of Klickitat. (Duffield & Co., \$1.50.)

My Antonia, by Willa S. Cather. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.60.)

The Caravan Man, by Ernest Goodwin. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.50.)

Philo Gubb, by Ellis Parker Butler. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.50.)

The Chronicle of Kan-uk the Kute, by Frank Burne Black. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.)

Not Taps, but Reveille, by Robert Gordon Anderson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Everyday Efficiency, by Forbes Lindsay. (T. Y. Crowell Company, \$1.25.)

Jungle Peace, by William Beebe. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.75.)

Firecracker Jane, by Alice Calhoun Haines. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.)



"TO ERR IS HUMAN"



Poems, by Geoffrey Dearmer. (Robert McBride & Co., \$1.)

My Country, by Grace A. Turkington. (Ginn & Co., 15 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.)

Denton of the Royal Mounted, by Ralph S. Kendall. (John Lane Company, \$1.50.)

Light and Mist, by Katharine Adams. (The Cornhill Company, Boston, Mass., \$1.)

The German Secret Service in America, by John Price Jones and Paul Merrick Hollister. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$2.)

All Off

SOMEBODY, in a wild moment of frenzied patriotism, suggested that we have a beatless day. Whereupon the restaurant keepers, the theatrical speculators and the cab drivers declared unanimously that we certainly could not call ourselves efficient if the main business channels were thus blocked, even for a day. Thus the whole affair was dismissed as contrary to the highest ideals of democracy.

By the author of "Over the Top"—
and Empey "goes over" again

TALES From a DUGOUT

By
ARTHUR GUY
EMPEY

Here They Are:

Jim—Soldier of the King
The Pacifist
Private Ginger
The Lone Tree Sentinel
Christmas in a Dugout
A Siren of the Boches
Winning a D. C. M.
The Fusilier Giants Under Fire
"Blighty!—What Hopes?"
Rounding Up Spies
"Horses for France"

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